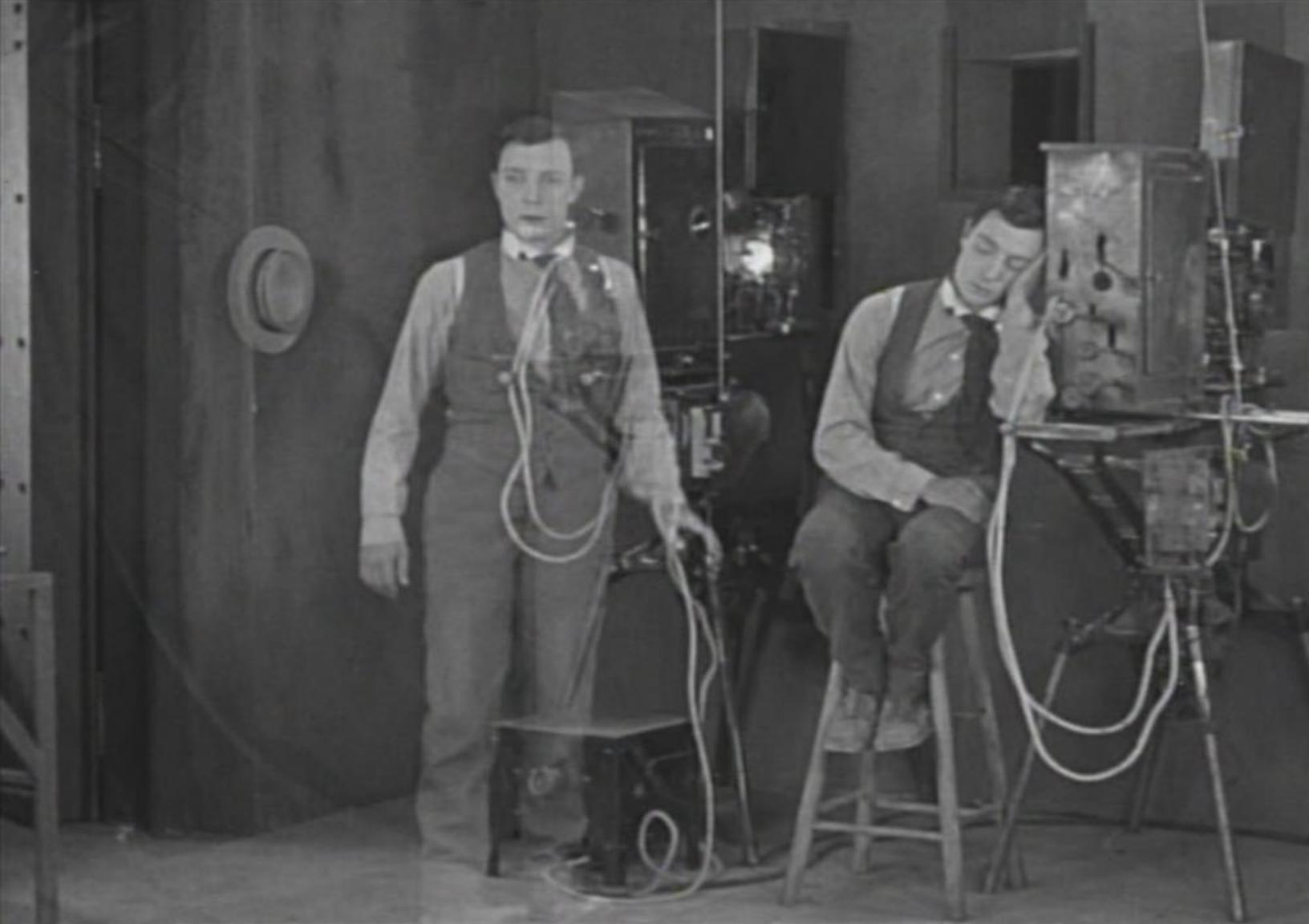


GRAPHIC CHAPBOOK

1



THE GRAVE
OF
RIMBAUD

Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



THE GRAVE OF RIMBAUD



6:02 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I visited the grave of Rimbaud.
It was pale blue



6:11 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like the blood of a baby penguin.



6:16 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



A close-up portrait of Bill Yarrow, an elderly man with dark hair and a gentle expression, looking slightly to the right of the camera. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt.

Upon its headstone were designs
beautiful and mysterious



6:21 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems

A close-up photograph of Bill Yarrow's face. He has dark, wavy hair and is looking slightly upwards and to the left with a thoughtful expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

like the brain waves of deer.



6:26 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I touched the grave
and found it redemptive



6:30 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of Bill Yarrow's face. He has dark hair and is wearing glasses. His mouth is wide open as if he is singing. The background is a solid, warm yellow color.

like the law forbidding adultery.



6:36 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I thought I was alone
but I was in the midst of a vast crowd



6:44 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



hissing like poisonous snakes on fire.



6:48 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I had imagined the grave of Rimbaud
standing out from its field



6:51 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems

A close-up photograph of Bill Yarrow, an older man with dark hair and a beard, looking slightly upwards and to the right with a thoughtful expression. He is wearing a dark shirt. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

like a single candle in a cake.



6:58 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



The grave itself was small
attic



7:02 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



quiet as a king at the end of his reign.



7:09 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



Around the grave the grass was burned
gray and stiff



7:18 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems

A close-up photograph of Bill Yarrow, an older man with dark hair and glasses, looking slightly to the right of the camera with a thoughtful expression. He is wearing a dark shirt. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

like the lips of lovers who no longer kiss.



7:07 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I sat by the grave
and felt at home



7:28 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like bigotry in the hearts of men of God.



7:04 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



Then darkness settled over the grave
sentimentally



7:44 / 9:48



cc



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like a kitten on the neck of a man.



7:53 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I left the grave and returned
to Marseilles



7:57 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



aligned like a knife in Adam's apple.



8:02 / 9:48



EYES
OFF
THE ROAD

Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



EYES OF THE ROAD



0:06 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



One by one I lost my desires.
Dirty ambition left first.



0:14 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Knowledge raged but then it cooled.
Riches never had the hook very deep.



0:21 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Achievement uncoupled from success seemed
pointless.



0:24 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Friendship became recursive.
Appetite lost its urgency.



0:28 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Form declined into artifice.

Love stopped feeding me so I stopped feeding it



0:34 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Insight evaporated when memory left.



0:39 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



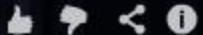
Lust lingered longest.



0:40 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



My desires, gaily arrayed, bolted
to a lapis slab, await me in Heaven.



0:50 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



With any luck, I'll go to Hell.



0:53 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



0:55 / 1:07



MT
HARMONICA

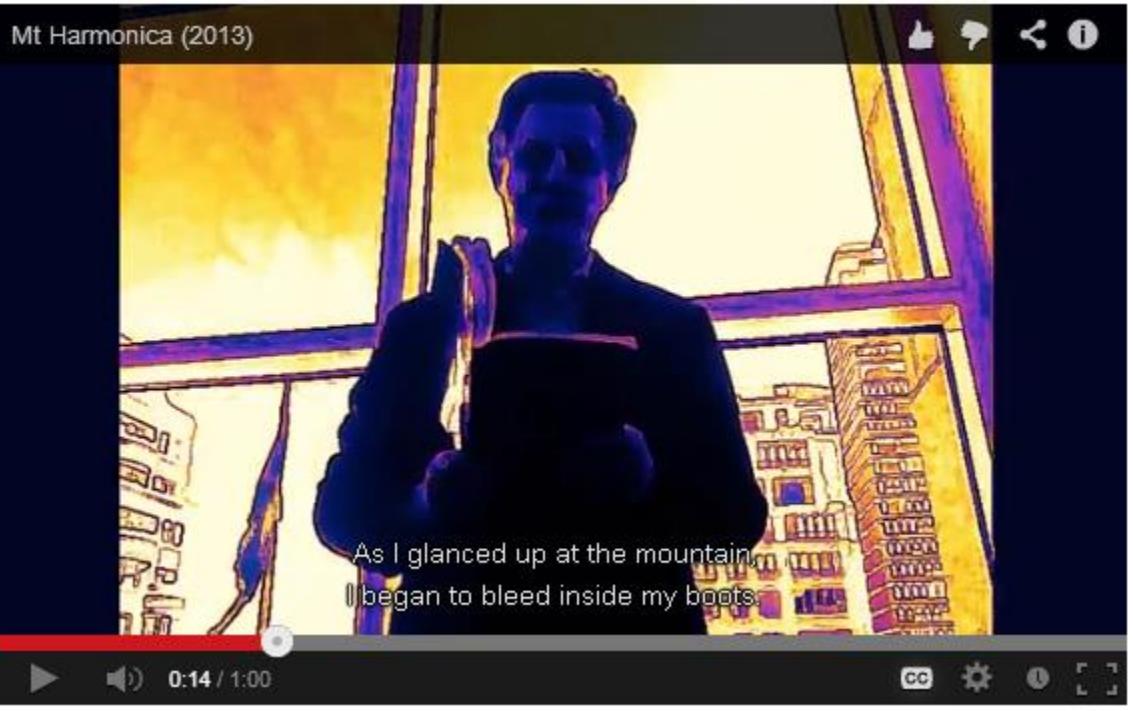
Mt Harmonica (2013)



0:03 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



As I glanced up at the mountain
I began to bleed inside my boots

Mt Harmonica (2013)



My legs turned ashen. A yellow chick
hatched in my heart. I had a vision



0:19 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



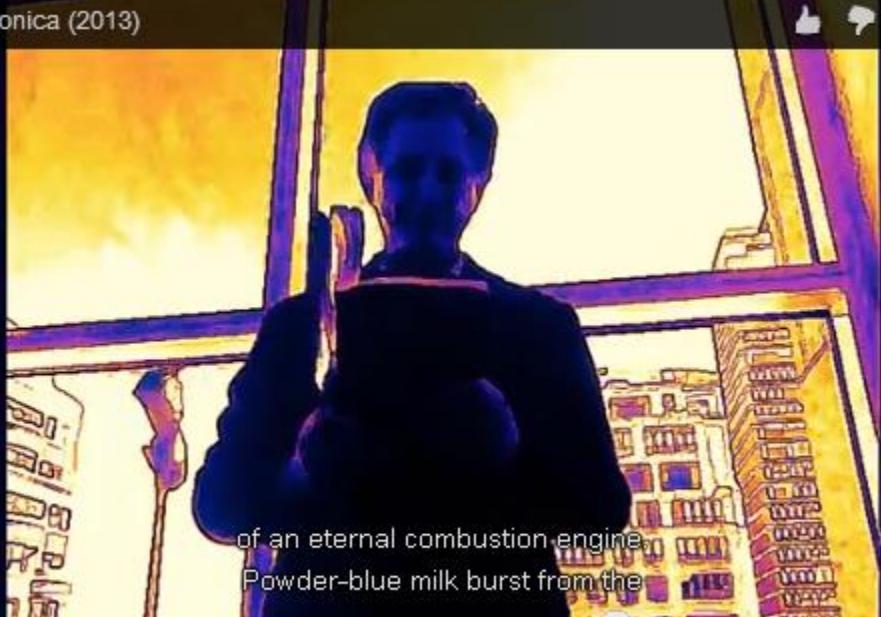
of King Gorboduc. Slivered pencils
danced before my eyes. I heard the groan.



0:28 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



of an eternal combustion engine
Powder-blue milk burst from the

Mt Harmonica (2013)



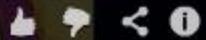
accumulated spigots of iniquity
The flood of blood worked its way



0:41 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



to the foothills. A red bird
sang a song of praxis. The parched



0:44 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



moraine remembered its sloppy past
All the vows of time stood undiminished,



0:49 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



RAW
SALT

Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



0:08 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



I poured bleach on the bloody moon
and turned it scalding white. Then I



0:11 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



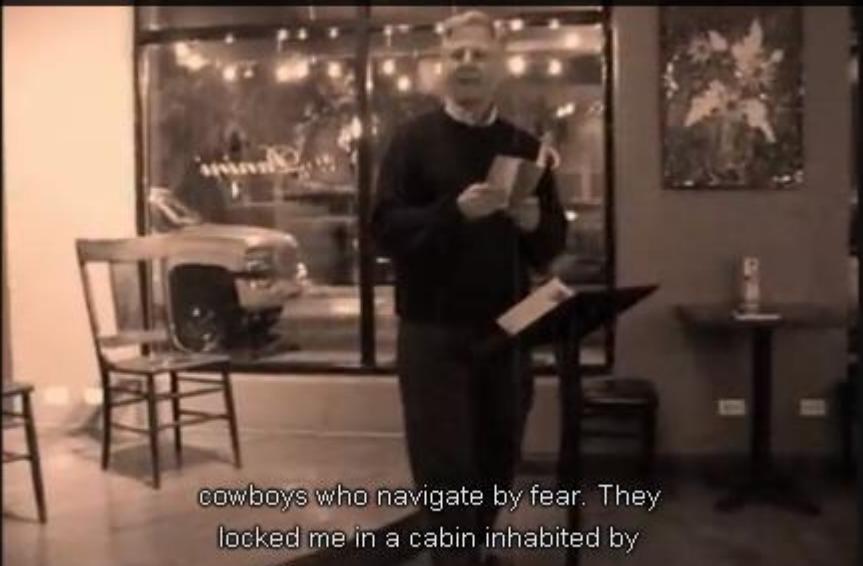
wrote my autobiography on it in ash.
When the bill came due, I joined the



0:14 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



cowboys who navigate by fear. They
locked me in a cabin inhabited by



0:16 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



moles. I escaped through the mirror
and landed in a lake. I baked for weeks



0:18 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



in seaweed and lost a lot of flesh.
Hittites picked the barnacles off me



0:30 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



and packed me in raw salt. I healed
in time to see the airmen welcomed home.



0:36 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



A tall barker was hawking condo lots.

It was Gatlinburg in mid July.



0:38 / 0:46





CHAPEL ACCESS

Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



CHAPEL ACCESS



0:01 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



Every tunnel's a piercing, every road's a tattoo.

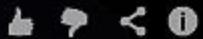
The billboards are wrinkles, road signs are scars.



0:08 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



Cranshaw said he saw eternity last night
wearing a sarong and smoking a cigar.



0:14 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



"You're full of it, Cranshaw," I said



0:17 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



A man with glasses and a mustache is shown from the chest up, reading a book. He is wearing a light-colored, patterned shirt. The background is a dark, out-of-focus city skyline at dusk or night, with buildings silhouetted against a purple and blue sky. The video frame has a black border.

and stared at the fraudulent broken line
that stuttered in front of me. Madeleine



0:25 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



in the back seat touched me on the neck.
"Why so ornery?" she asked. "Why?"



0:28 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



2008. 2009. 2010. That's why, " I snarled.
What was eating me? Continental drift. Urban



0:34 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



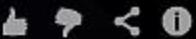
sprawl. Cranshaw! His smarmy teeth and
mildew jitterbug. His checked suspenders



0:44 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



and dragonfly belt. 2011. Maybe everything.



0:53 / 1:04



FOUR NOBLE LIES

Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



FOUR NOBLE LIES



1:10 / 2:48



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



When Carlotta left me, I cried
into my soup. I shriveled into



1:28 / 2:48



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



harsh mathematics. A decade
later, I was living on Iowa Street



1:29 / 2:48



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



with Karen. She had goldfish and
good taste. I loved her for her fleshy



1:31 / 2:48



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



neck. We drank sinewy Dos Equis
and played Mahjong. In March,



1:32 / 2:48



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



I developed that cruel facial tic.
That precipitated the divorce.



1:36 / 2:48



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



At the thought of losing her,
my heart contracted into a span.



1:36 / 2:48



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



But I knew I would replace her
one day with a brutally neutered cat.



1:39 / 2:48





PAR
DELICATESSE

Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:07 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



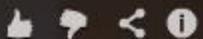
Rimbaud said,
"Par delicatesse



00:12 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



"J'ai perdu ma vie."
In the delicatessen,



00:22 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:23 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:27 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:31 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



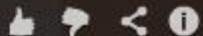
stared longingly at the crumbly halvah.



00:39 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:44 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:51 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



He too felt that he had lost his life.



00:54 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow: Part Three



01:01 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



in a plethora of possibility:

belly or Nova, herring or tongue, chubs or



01:05 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



sable,

kreplach or kishke, kugel or blueberry blintz...



01:10 / 11:27



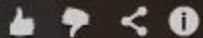
Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



01:15 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



o'clock in the delicatessen.¹⁰
O lost! O lost! He lost his



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow: Part Three



compass in the schmaltz.



01:28 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



01:29 / 11:27



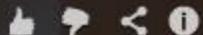
Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



01:34 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



01:41 / 11:27



DEMOLITION DERBY

Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



0:04 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



The goal of a demolition derby is to crash
into all the other trucks as hard as you can



0:14 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



0:20 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



Sounds a lot like capitalism.



0:23 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



I should have said that to my sons as we were
sitting



0:26 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



in the stands waiting for the vehicle melee
to commence.



0:29 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



Beside us were ornery women in tall hats,
suspender dads, kids deformed with ribbons,



0:35 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



rural Lotharios, tattooed grandmas,
livestock lawyers, reverse cowboys, and young



0:42 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



men carbuncular.



0:49 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



"Ladies and gentlemen, please sit away from
the wire fence."



0:54 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



We're otherwise not responsible for the mud."



0:58 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



Trucks rut up mud, boys.



1:01 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



Get used to it.



1:01 / 2:11



RIBS

Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



RIBS



0:08 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



A man with glasses and a dark t-shirt is sitting at a desk in a dimly lit room, reading from an open book. The room has dark curtains and a lamp in the background. The video is framed by a white border.

Man reached in the carcass of the Lord
and tore Satan from the rib of God.



0:08 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



The mountains of humility went silent,
the rain of regency dried its eyes,



0:21 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



and the clouds of unknowing began to know.



0:24 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



Snow masquerading as kindness ballooned into
bombast



0:25 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



as the world washed its hands of worldliness.



0:30 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



Then indifference, stiff as a wombat penis,
stirred and woke from the dream of castading



0:34 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



penury.



0:40 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



I am imbricated by the slabs of dead ideas.



0:41 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



I am teased by vaults of no gold.



0:45 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



Ghosts hold me to votes I disavow.



0:50 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



A man with short, light-colored hair is sitting at a table in a dark room, reading from an open book. He is wearing a dark t-shirt and blue jeans. The room has dark walls and a window with stained glass in the background, showing red and orange patterns. The lighting is low, with a small lamp on the table illuminating the man's face and the book. The video frame has a black border.

There is a formidable hole in the latent sky.



0:53 / 1:07



0



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



It takes all my strength not to worship it.



0:55 / 1:07



IT'S
LIKE

Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like sewing a rip in your jeans
with garter snakes instead of thread.



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like watching a Russian film
with the ghost of Ronald Reagan.



0:15 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"

A small, dark thumbnail image of a person's face and upper body, wearing a patterned shirt. It appears to be a still from a previous video or a related video.

It's like squeezing three-bean salad
out of a toothpaste tube.



0:18 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like driving from Detroit to Denver
in a cardboard car.



0:22 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like swimming
in Maalox.



0:25 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like eating
drywall.



0:27 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



0:29 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like drawing
with Cesium.



0:31 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like interviewing
a neutrino.



0:33 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like French-kissing
a shaman.



0:36 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like reading Moll Flanders in Urdu.



0:38 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"

A black and white photograph of Bill Yarrow, an older man with glasses and a striped shirt, reading from an open book. He is positioned in front of a large, textured, light-colored cylindrical object, possibly a speaker or a decorative column. The background is dark and out of focus.

It's like fact-checking
Joseph of Aramethela.



0:40 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like changing the colostomy bag
on a Berkshire pig.



0:45 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



Gre

It's like digging a tunnel to Trenton
with your mother's tongue.



0:48 / 0:56



CRANSHAW
ON A
BOAT

Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



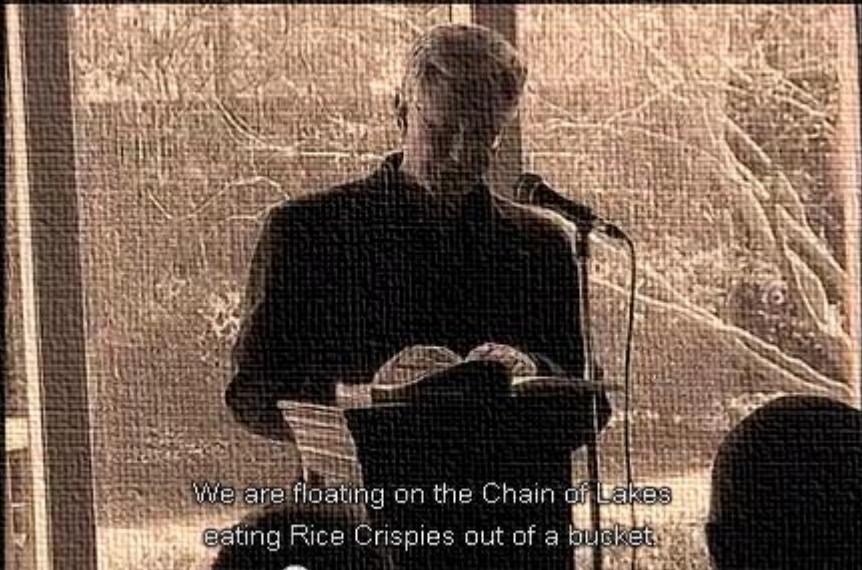
CRANSHAW ON A
BOAT



0:10 / 1:08



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



We are floating on the Chain of Lakes
eating Rice Crispies out of a bucket.



0:25 / 1:08



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



The sun is a soft lozenge
medicating a bright red sky.



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



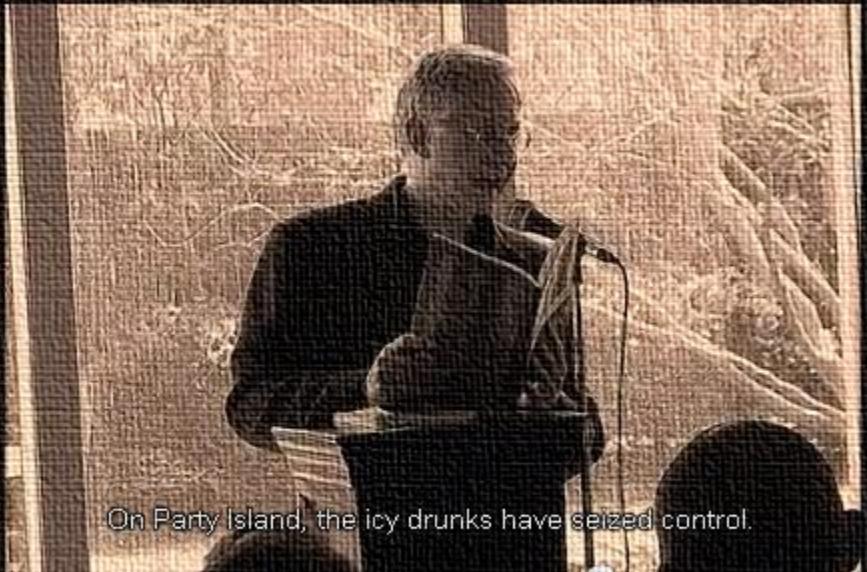
Water skiers hold onto their slackening ropes
like love itself.



0:39 / 1:08



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



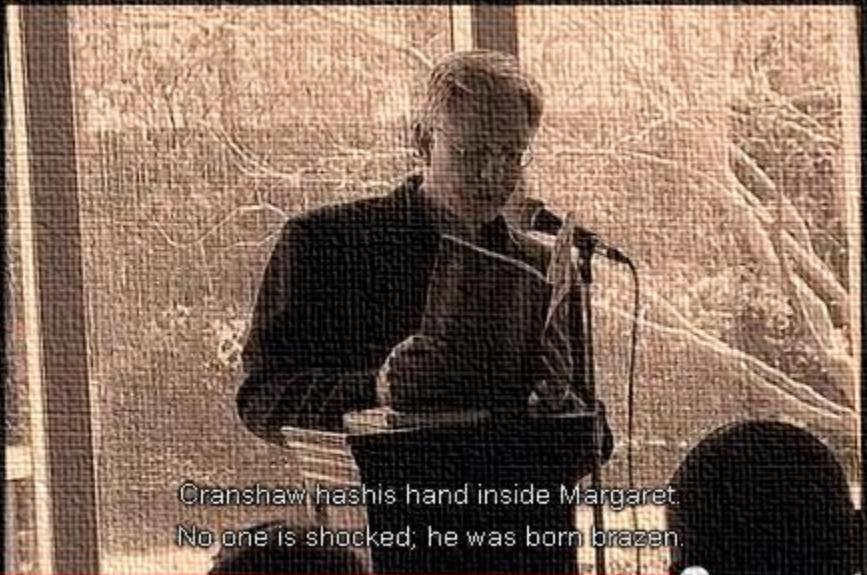
On Party Island, the icy drunks have seized control.



0:44 / 1:08



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



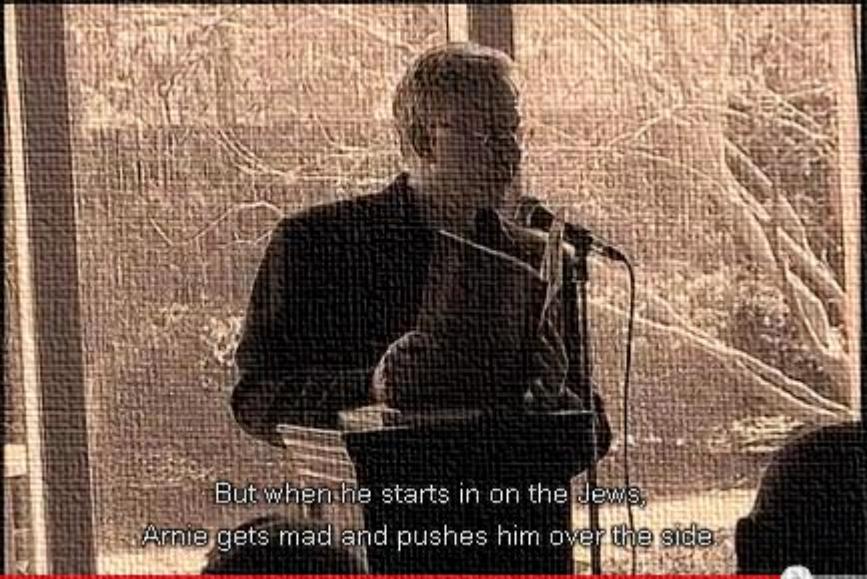
Cranshaw hashis hand inside Margaret.
No one is shocked; he was born brazen.



0:50 / 1:08



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



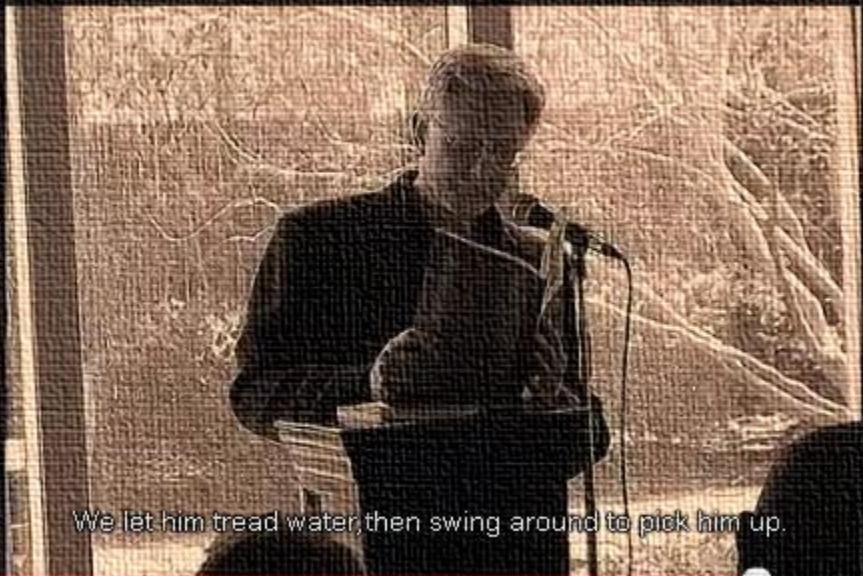
But when he starts in on the Jews,
Arnie gets mad and pushes him over the side.



0:56 / 1:08



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



We let him tread water, then swing around to pick him up.



0:53 / 1:08



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



Justice? No.
Margaret wants him back.



0:59 / 1:08



HITTING THE WALL

Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



Noted her strangeness and fumbled for the
past



0:17 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



The time we went crabbing on the Chesapeake.
Her imitation of Barbara Mandrell.

Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



A man with glasses and a patterned shirt is reading from a piece of paper. He is positioned in front of a wall with a light switch and a framed picture. The video frame has a dark border.

Playing lawn darts at my mom's.



0:30 / 1:07



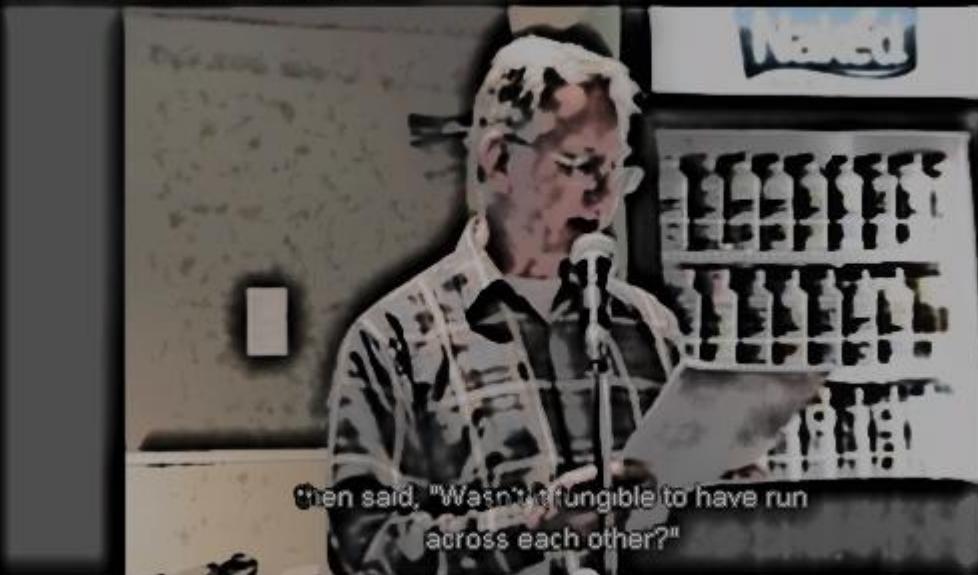
Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



then said, "Wasn't it funny to have run
across each other?"



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"

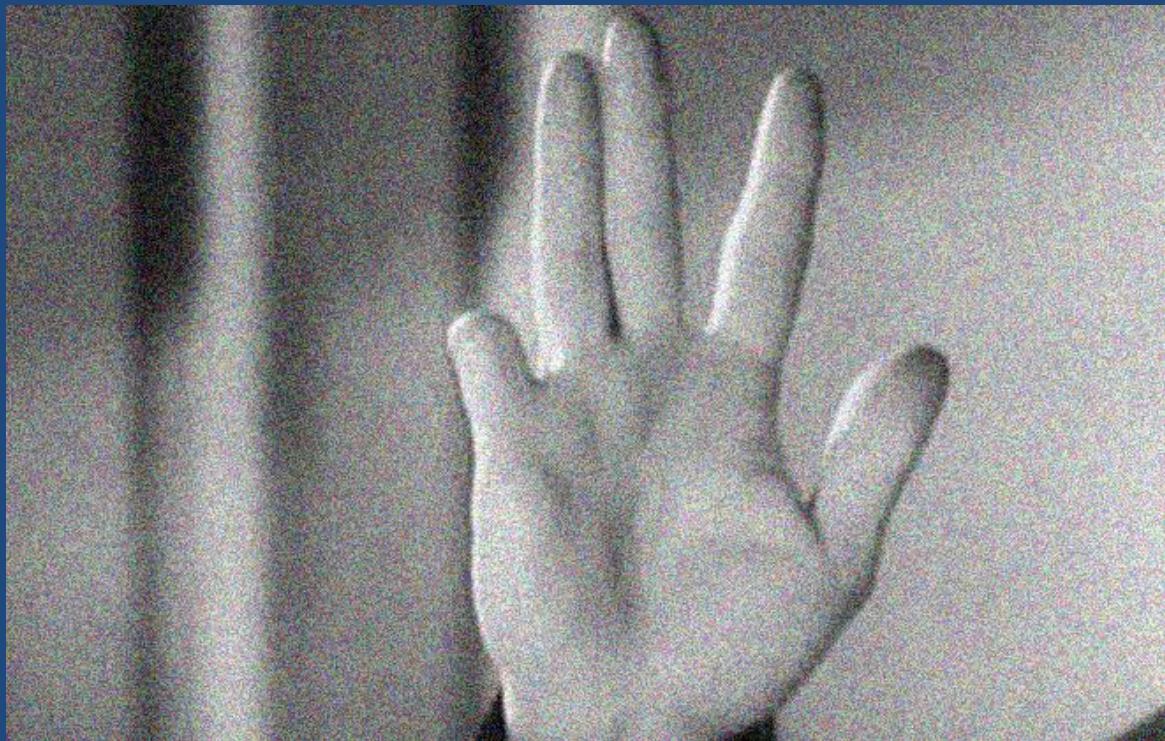


Then her perfume returned—
with a vengeance.



0:37 / 1:07





JOAN
OF
DARK

Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



JOAN OF DARK



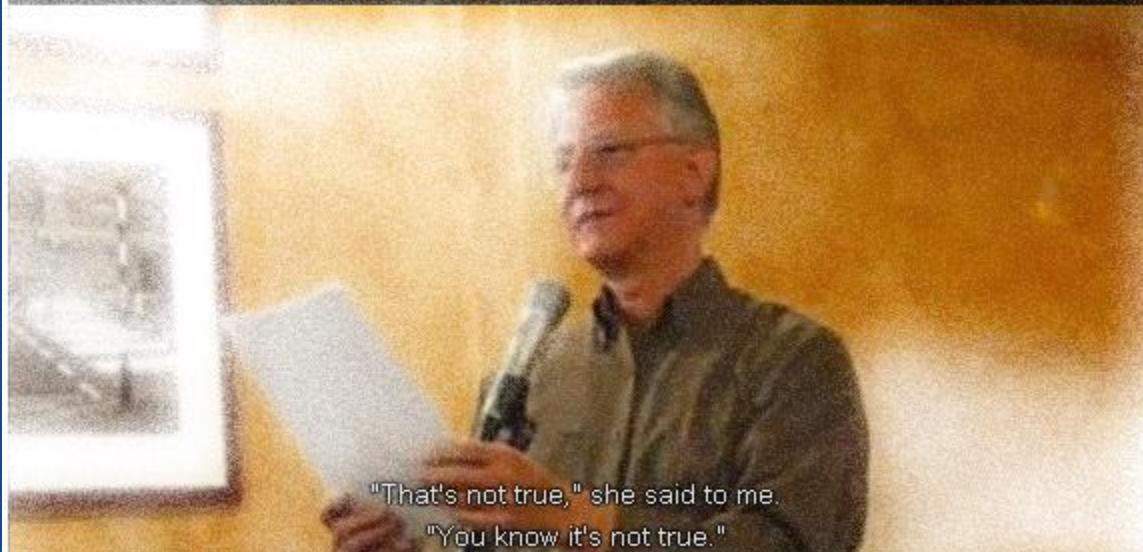
Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



What happens in heaven stays in heaven.



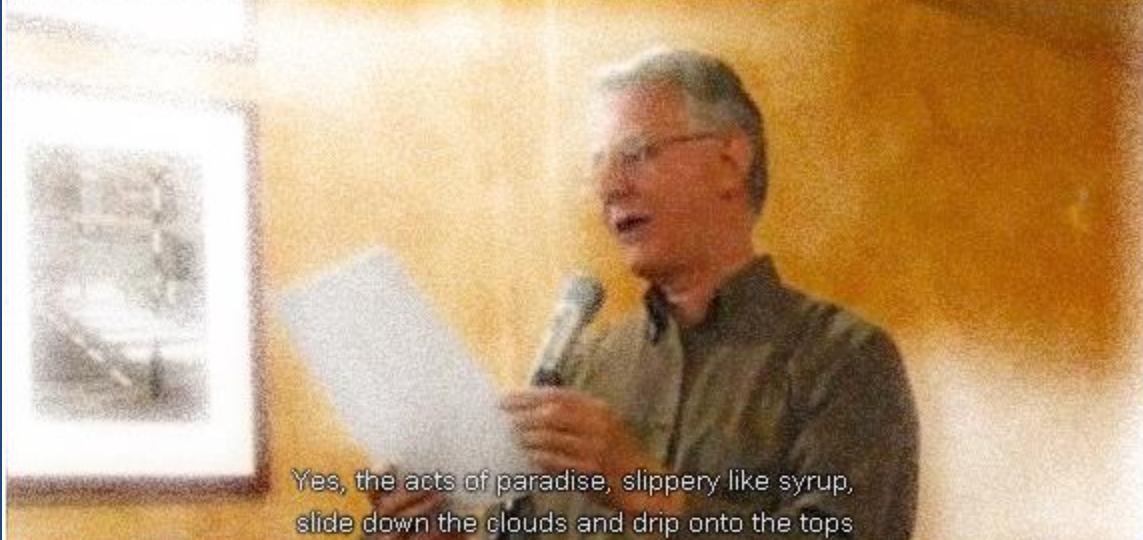
Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



"That's not true," she said to me.
"You know it's not true."



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



Yes, the acts of paradise, slippery like syrup,
slide down the clouds and drip onto the tops



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



of the trees
where birds and squirrels reveal them to man.



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



"What color are the birds?" she asked.

Pink. The pink birds and checkerboard squirrels



0:30 / 1:01



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



reveal the sly doings of the chubby cherubim.



0:38 / 1:01



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



"What's sly doings?"
I meant "sky" doings.



0:40 / 1:01



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



Reveal the sky doings of half-pint angels.



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



"I love heaven, don't you?"
I'm not allowed to tell.



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



They will burn me at the stake if I tell.

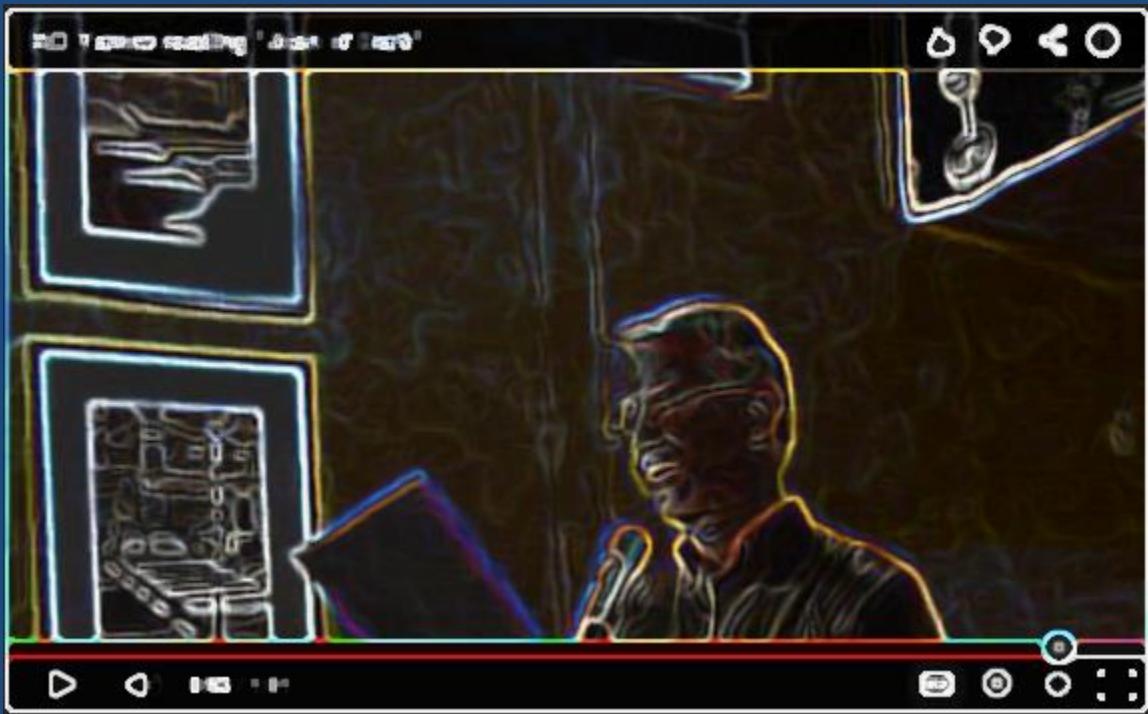


Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



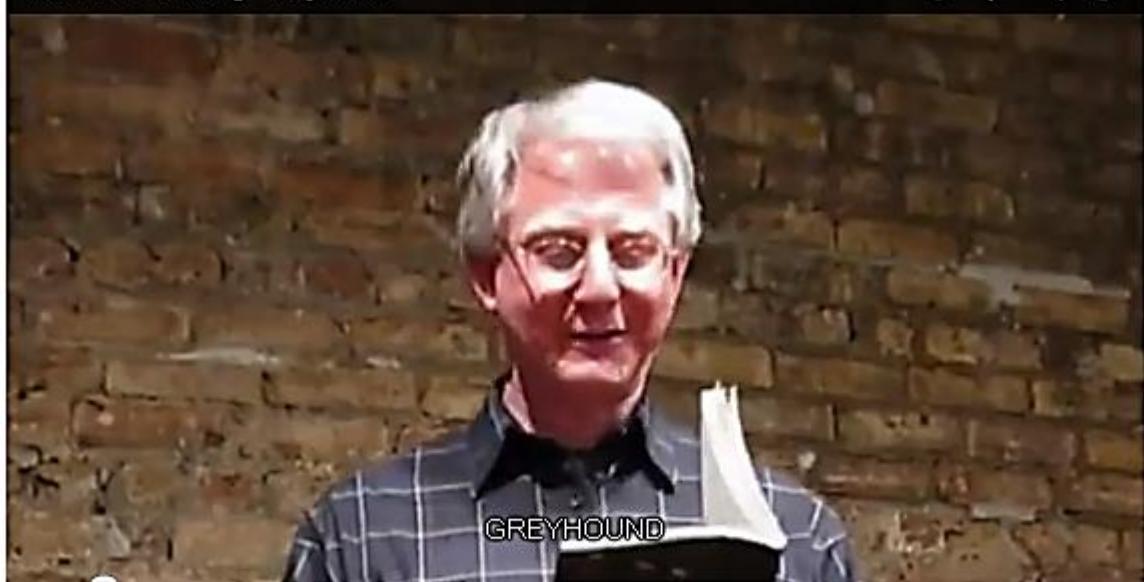
"Like Joan of Dark?"
Just like Joan of Dark.





GREYHOUND

Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:04 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



I'm riding on a bus sitting next to a woman
eating a yellow tomato.

Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



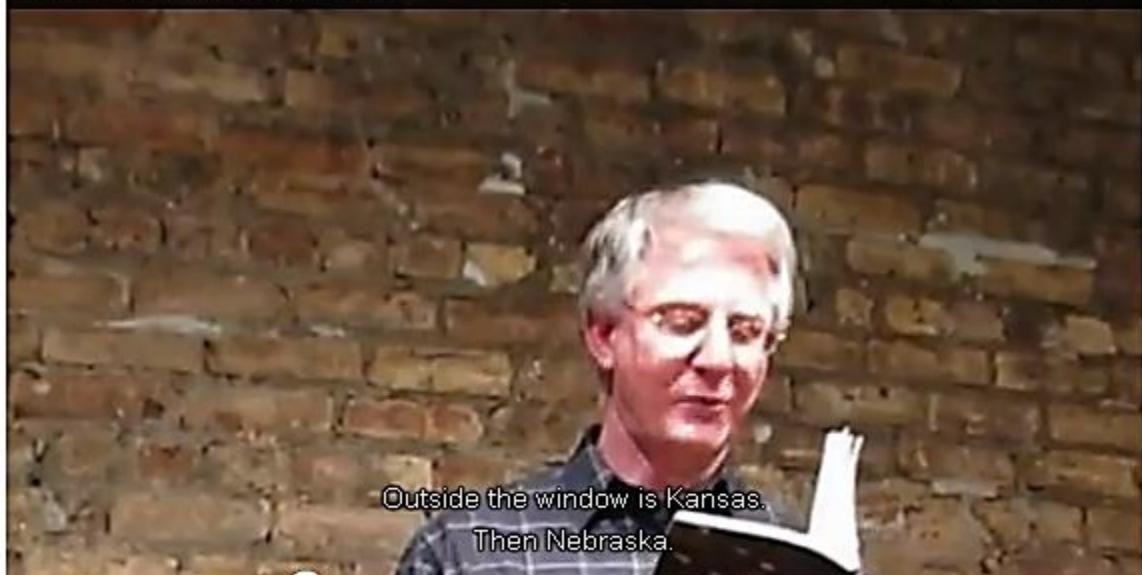
We both need a bath.



0:09 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



Outside the window is Kansas.
Then Nebraska.



0:14 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



I note that in my ratty journal,
take a banana from a paper bag,
and pretend to shoot myself.



0:17 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



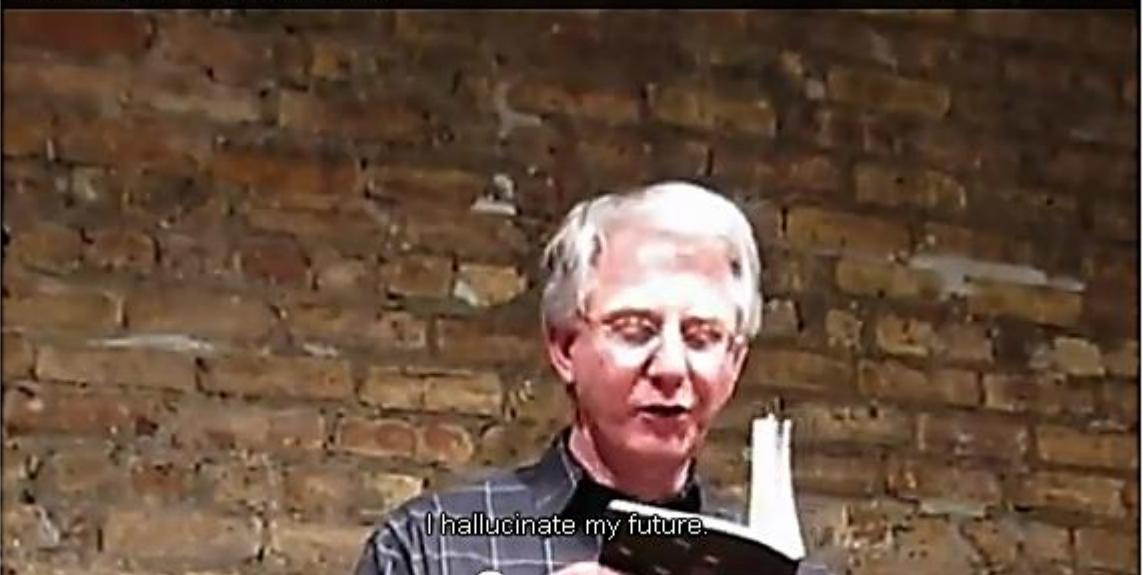
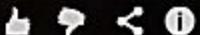
All the reading lights are out; no one can
see me. It's the chilling middle of the night.



0:20 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



I hallucinate my future.



0:24 / 0:57



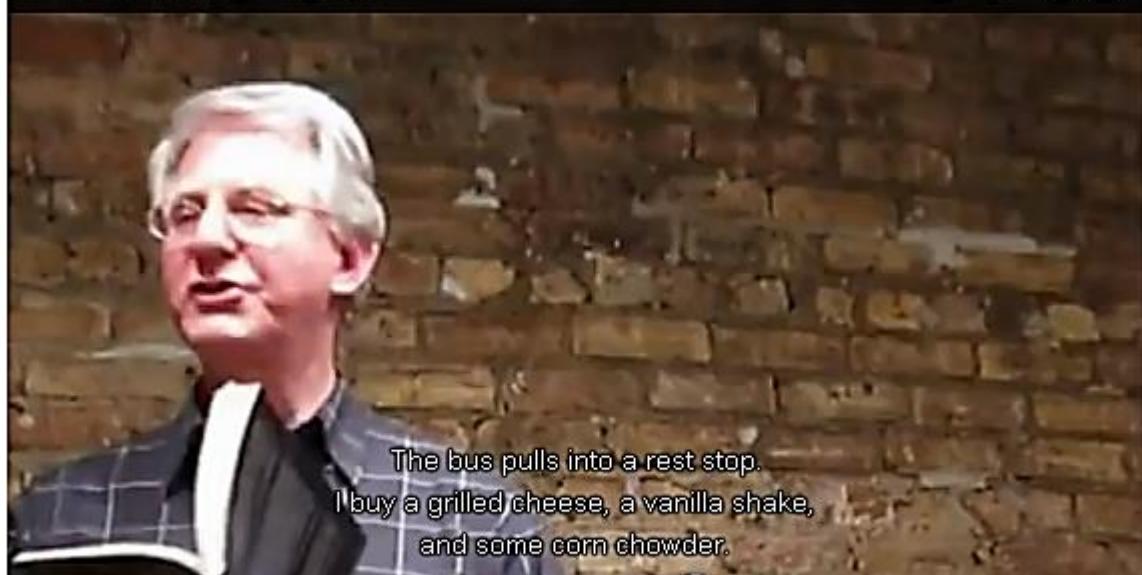
Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:29 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



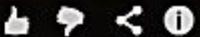
The bus pulls into a rest stop.
I buy a grilled cheese, a vanilla shake,
and some corn chowder.



0:34 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



I consider stealing a pearl-button denim shirt.



0:36 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



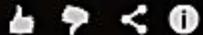
In the men's room, I read the offerings on the vending machines.



0:40 / 0:57



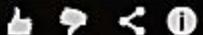
Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:45 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



Stumbling back to my seat, I stare out a dirty window
into the sanitary blackness.



0:45 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



We're 300 miles



0:54 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:54 / 0:57

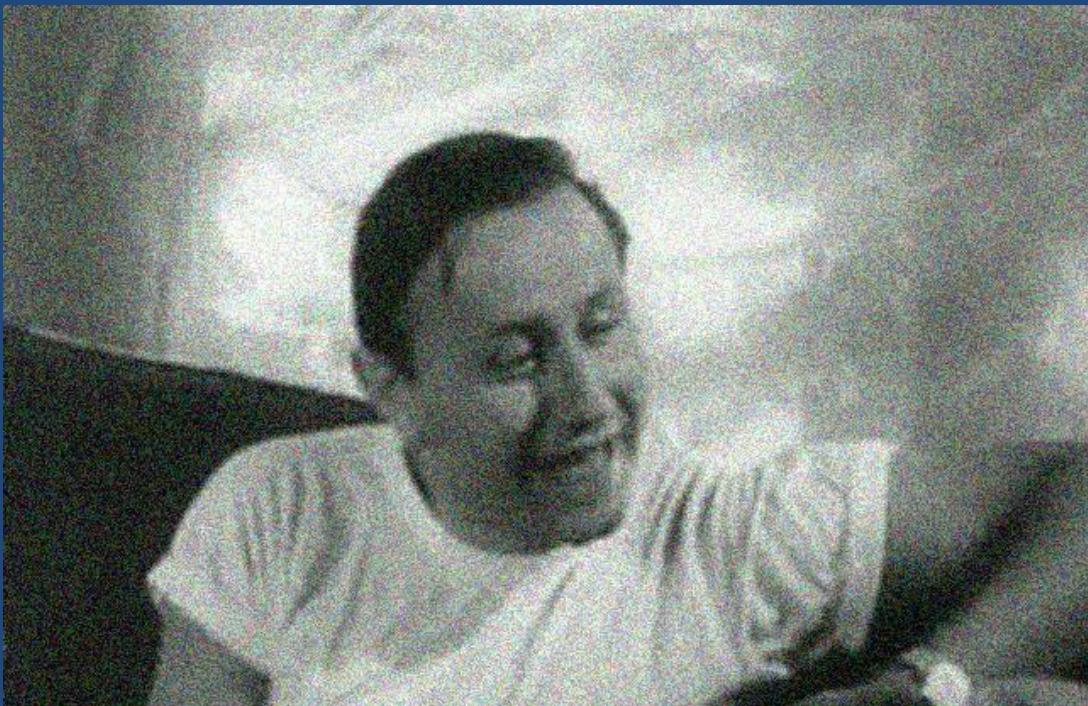




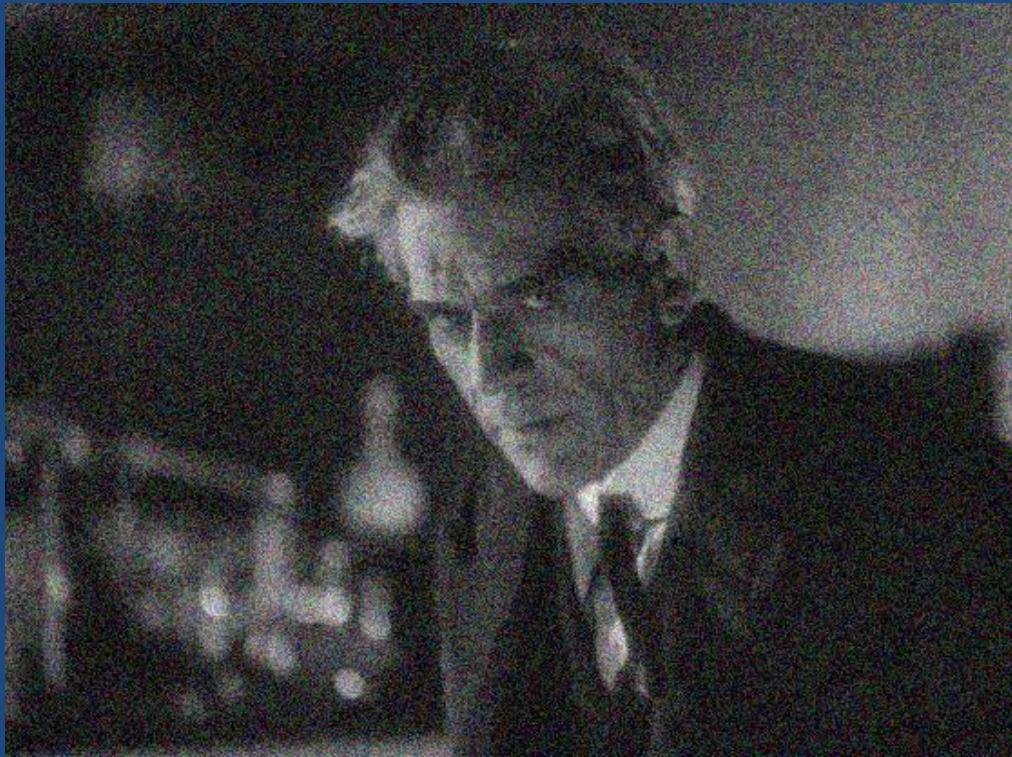
Poems in *Wrench* (erbacce-press, 2009):
Greyhound, It's Like, Mt. Harmonica,
The Grave of Rimbaud



Poems in *Fourteen* (Naked Mannekin, 20011):
Eyes off the Road, Four Noble Lies, Hitting the Wall,
Joan of Dark, Raw Salt



Poems in *Pointed Sentences* (BlazeVOX 2012):
Demolition Derby, Four Noble Lies, Greyhound, It's Like,
Mt. Harmonica, Raw Salt, Ribs, The Grave of Rimbaud



Poems in *Incompetent Translations and Inept Haiku* (Červená Barva, 20013):
Chapel Access, Cranshaw on a Boat, Par Delicatesse



Chapel Access
Cranshaw on a Boat
Demolition Derby
Eyes off the Road

appeared in fwrichtion ; review
appeared in RHINO 2013
appeared in Thunderclap!
appeared in Camroc Press Review

Four Noble Lies
Greyhound
Hitting the Wall

appeared in Right Hand Pointing
appeared in THIS Literary Magazine
appeared in Camroc Press Review

It's Like
Joan of Dark
Par Delicatesse
Raw Salt
Ribs
The Grave of Rimbaud

appeared in new aesthetic
appeared in Camroc Press Review
appeared in Counterexample Poetics
appeared in new aesthetic
appeared in New World Writing
appeared in THIS Literary Magazine

